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Three April Days

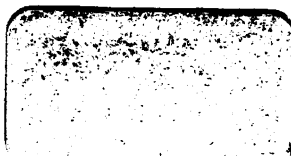
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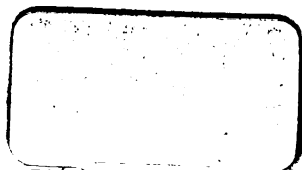


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*April Days.*



# THREE APRIL DAYS.

1689, 1775, 1861.

READ BEFORE THE

Worcester Society of Antiquity,

April 19, 1881.

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BY ALFRED S. ROE.

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1881.



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The dupe and hireling of a Stuart king  
Was sadly humbled on an April day;  
The genial sun of still another spring  
Gleamed on the polished steel in Concord's fray;  
And last of all, foul Treason's work begun,  
Disloyal hands the traitor's ensign bore  
On April nineteenth, eighteen sixty-one,  
When blood ran down the streets of Baltimore. [C. J.]

Three April Days.





## THREE APRIL DAYS.

Do not be misled by my title into thinking that I am to discourse upon the beauties of Spring, or to enlarge upon the manifold pleasures of the vernal season; for it is not of Nature that I would discourse to-night, but of man and his deeds. It is with reference to our own Old Bay State and her interesting, nay, thrilling history I would deal; and your attention is asked as we glance along through many years and try to find wherein Massachusetts is especially interested in Three April Days.

We reckon time by years, decades, centuries, cycles, according as we speak of ourselves, the state or the earth. Massachusetts has passed into that age when she can reckon her years in centuries; but her interesting, recurring year is not one of the hundreds. It is less by several years, and its anniversary falls in April, on the 19th, the day whose evening finds us gathered here. Palfrey in his preface to the third volume of the History of New England says: "In the History of New England, there are chronological paralelisms, not unworthy of remark. Some critical events in it were just a century apart. In 1665, the courtiers tried her temper with Lord Clarendon's Commission; in 1765, they tried it with Mr. George Grenville's Stamp-Act. In 1675 began the attack on her freedom, which I have recorded in this volume; in 1775 began the invasion which led to her independence of Great Britain. But the cycle of New England is eighty-six years. Massachusetts having been betrayed to her

enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Joseph Dudley, the people, on the 19th day of April, 1689, committed their prisoner, the deputy of the Stuart King, to the fort in Boston, which he had built to overawe them. Another eighty-six years passed, and Massachusetts had been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Thomas Hutchinson, when, at Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, her farmers struck the first blow in the War of American Independence. Another eighty-six years ensued, and a domination of slaveholders, more odious than that of Stuarts or of Guelphs, had been fastened upon her, when, on the 19th of April, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were stained by the blood of her soldiers on their way to uphold liberty and law by the rescue of the National Capitol." These, then, are my Three April Days, and the above thought of Palfrey my text. April 19th,

1689,

1775,

1861.

The events which these days witnessed have modeled us a people, and made us a nation. These days followed each other in logical as well as chronological order. Without the first, neither the second nor the third could have existed. Deprived of the deeds of these days, we know not what degree of abasement we might have suffered, and the mind shrinks from the contemplation of what might be our present condition. But Massachusetts soil is sterile. The skeleton of mother earth lies extremely near the surface. Men, here, must delve early and work late to obtain from the land a maintenance. The manual labor necessary to win from the earth a living, early fixed in the minds of Massachusetts people an utter abhorrence of all that would, in the least, detract from the rights of self government. The acts which had hardened the muscles of the body had made equally inflexible the New England character. Men of more genial climes might submit to grinding despotism, but the sturdy Anglo-Saxon who might, himself, have been one of Cromwell's Ironsides, found the soil of this new home even more conducive, than that of his old, to the vigorous assertion of his rights, and we see him resisting the demands of a tyrannous and apostate King. And while James was seeking safety in the Court of the

*Grand Monarch*, his miserable minion Andros was seized and shut up in the very fort which he had built to overawe the town of Boston,—the tragedy of Haman repeated.

But another king and another deputy sought to once more lay the hand of oppression on Massachusetts men, and again these men rebelled and, at Concord and Lexington, in the "Shot heard 'round the world," did service for themselves, for civilization, for humanity. And then that later day! Even now our blood tingles at the thought. The events are not so far away that we cannot recall them all, and in the memory of the Massachusetts "*Sixth*" exult over the proud privilege of the Old Commonwealth. Thus seriatim. Now to

April 19, 1689.

A Stuart king was on the throne of England when the Mayflower put out on her memorable voyage. That First James, who was a marvel of wisdom and of folly, and who surprised all by the abundance and variety of his knowledge, and equally disgusted all by his egotism and pedantry, fully merited his cognomen of the "wisest fool in Europe." To escape him and such as him, our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors sought refuge in this new world. His unhappy son was sovereign when the *Arbella* weighed anchor and, sailing from Cowes, bore into Massachusetts Bay the germs of the colony, which, with the one at Plymouth, was to undo tyranny and to make a home for the oppressed of all nations. They sought and obtained certain privileges in their Charter. They were practically self governing. They constituted almost the ideal Democracy; perfect, barring some suffrage restrictions. They were guaranteed by their Royal Charter, the power forever of electing their own Governor, Deputy Governor and assistants, to make laws and ordinances not repugnant to those of England, for their own benefit and the government of persons inhabiting their territory. The people had left England when the latter was most prosperous, and their only grievance was the inability to hold the religious belief agreeable to themselves. Coming to Massachusetts, they held their lands by as good a title as that by which they had possessed their English farms. Of course, then, this Charter was, in every

sense, their Palladium, and to it they clung with the utmost tenacity, but from an early date, there arose a contest, on the part of the home government to recall it, and, on that of the Colony to retain the same. The home government felt that it had accorded too much to the colonists; the latter were determined to retain all they had.

In 1635, they determined to resist a Royal Governor should one be sent from England. The fort on Castle Island was ordered perfected and a tower set up on Beacon Hill that, danger from an attack arising, the country might be alarmed. Confusion ensued in the English Court. Charles soon found enough to occupy himself on his own soil, though in 1638 there came an order for the instant return of the Charter to England, on which the General Court, after some months of pondering, concluded to send a letter of excuses for not complying. Winthrop's reply is worthy of perusal, setting forth as he does the reasons for the retention of the document. And even when England had deposed her King, and Cromwell ruled, our Colony was, in no way, disposed to recognize the supremacy of English authority. When, in 1651, Parliament desired the return of the old Charter and the taking of a new one and that thereafter government should be administered in its name, the wily colonists took a whole year to fashion their reply, still manifesting a commendable unwillingness to walk into the English spiders' parlor.

When the "Merry Monarch" or Charles the II. came to the throne he was pleased to renew all the power of the original Charter, though he added a dash of bitter to his sweet by enjoining the Colony to require the oath of allegiance and that thenceforward Justice should be administered in his name. Accordingly the Colonists *published* the "King's Missive" and then "did as they were a mind to." In 1665 came the first Royal Commission. Clarendon had sent this to reduce the obnoxious Puritans to a proper condition of humility. Charles had granted the territory between the Connecticut and the Delaware to his brother, the Duke of York, and here we may say the trouble began. We must pass over the debates between the Government of the Colony and its Royal Commission, though the latter

found itself beaten at all points, and finally retired completely discomfited. At last England despairing of the return of the Charter, instituted Chancery proceedings and in 1684 obtained a decree vacating the Charter. Massachusetts by no act of her own was humbled. She lapsed into her first estate. Her territory now was as thoroughly that of the King of England as when discovered by the Cabots. In the same year, Colonel Kirke, of subsequent West of England notoriety, was appointed the first Royal Governor; but his Royal Masters found too much for him to do in England to spare him from home, so Massachusetts was spared the infliction of his presence. A recreant and miscreant son of Massachusetts, Joseph Dudley, became the tool of oppression under the title of President.

The year 1686 was just closing when Sir Edmund Andros landed in Boston. During two and a third years of his stay in the Colony he succeeded in making his name more hateful than that of any man who had preceded him on these shores, and moreover a synonym for tyranny through all time. James II. had made Andros Governor of New England with the expectation that the recalcitrant colonists would now submit; but the bed to which Andros had been commended was not one of roses. He early set himself about carrying into effect the same plans which had rendered his Master so distasteful to the people of old England. He claimed that every foot of Massachusetts soil was the King's, and the latter might oust the present occupants whenever he chose. More than that, Massachusetts men were not entitled to the immunities of Englishmen; that they were dependencies on the British Crown, a collection of Lazaruses, so to speak. Andros was the fit tool of a most despicable creature; by far the worst of his erring line. He scrupled at nothing that would enhance his own or James's power. His deputed power was almost absolute. Hostile to the prevailing religion of the colony, he was anxious that prelacy should be supreme. Judge Sewall says that sixty Red-Coats attended Andros when he landed at Long Wharf and was escorted by the citizens to the head of King, now State street.

Dudley, the late President, became a judge of the Superior Court. Mandates were sent to the various towns and the



Commissioners or Selectmen failing to comply with the demands were liable to punishment by fine. The Meeting-house of Boston was opened for Episcopal service, when there were no Episcopal worshippers. All public records of the "late Government" were directed to be brought to Boston. Wills had to be probated and mortgages registered in Boston, where enormous fees were charged. The form of taking oaths was changed from the Puritanic uplifting of the hand to the (to them) idolatrous kissing of the Bible. The imposition of taxes was wholly arbitrary, and citizens were obliged to take out new patents for lands they had held by purchase, in some instances, from the natives.

Many of the towns refused to comply with the Governor's exactions and hence followed trials where juries were packed in the most flagrant manner. To Mr. Wise, on trial, Dudley said, "You must not think that the laws of England follow you to the end of the earth," and moreover that he had no other privileges left than not to be sold as a slave. Andros gave out that titles might be confirmed by application to him and the payment of quitrents. A man venturing to disregard this edict was liable to be dispossessed at any moment, as, in fact, many were. The other New England colonies gradually fell in with the rule of Andros and endorsed the same with tolerable resignation; but at no time was the feeling towards him in Massachusetts other than that of abhorrence. Tradesmen were compelled to restrict their buying and selling to their own towns. Heavy imposts were laid for the sake of increasing his Majesty's Revenues. Only one town meeting would on any pretext, be allowed during the year.

Matters went from bad to worse till finally Increase Mather was sent to England to endeavor to obtain some redress for the Colony's many wrongs. The time of Andros was spent in making semi-royal progresses through his dominions, now extending from the St. Croix to the Delaware, and in finding new measures to oppress his devoted subjects. The birth of a Prince of Wales was, by him, greeted with the utmost joy and the proclamation of a day of Thanksgiving. Mather, meanwhile was laying siege to James's ear, but with little success, the King being willing to make a show of sympathy while in

reality his heart was harder than Pharoah's. But the end was approaching, though more than three and a half months had passed since the night when England's King had slyly slipped out of his bed-chamber, carrying his country's Seal which he spitefully threw into the Thames in his flight. James had taken up his residence at St. Germain's while the hand of Andros was tolerated in New England. The crisis was impending, though this English Egyptian softened not his heart, nor for a moment relaxed his grasp. The train was laid and the explosion at hand when, on April 4th, there came a man, named Winslow, bringing the proclamation of William of Orange on landing in England. The uncertainty of affairs in the Old Country was doubtless all that had prevented this uprising months before. Two weeks elapsed after Winslow's coming and Andros had taken refuge in Fort Hill, where without any note of visible preparation, on the 18th of April, Boston, at an early hour was all astir. It was Thursday. The weekly lecture at the First Church had brought a concourse from the neighboring towns. At the north end of the town it was reported that there was an uprising at the south and *vice versa*. At nine o'clock the drums beat throughout the town and the ensign was set up on Beacon Hill. The old magistrates were escorted to the Council Chamber, and the royal officers were arrested and put in gaol. At noon was proclaimed the "Declaration" of the gentlemen, merchants and inhabitants of Boston, and of the territory adjacent. The declaration concludes with these words: "We do therefore seize upon the persons of those few ill men who (next to our sins) have been the grand authors of our miseries. \* \* \* \* We commit our enterprise unto the blessing of Him who hears the cry of the oppressed." Palfrey thinks this declaration the work of time, prepared a long while before, awaiting the proper moment for its promulgation, and that Cotton Mather was its author. At two o'clock the town was full of soldiers, the signal on Beacon Hill having done its work. Charlestown held several hundred men waiting an opportunity to cross. Andros had sent a messenger, desiring a conference with the principal citizens; but his request was denied, while he himself was summoned to surrender all his powers on penalty of having the fort knocked

to pieces about his ears. The frigate *Rose*, lying in the harbor, made ready for a fight; her commander declaring he would die before he would surrender; but his boat sent to the shore to bring off Andros and his attendants was seized and its crew disarmed. Speedy work was now done. Mr. Nelson arranged his men on two sides of the fort and pointed his cannon at the same. The Governor was convinced that discretion was the better part of valor and so unconditionally surrendered; his attendants, most of them going to gaol and he, under a strong guard to the house of Usher. So ends the 18th of April. A grand day's work. The frigate as good as surrendered. The castle was given up, and on the 19th of April, 1689, the willing tool of England's last Stuart king was immured in the fort. It is not unworthy of record that, like a famous man of later times, he tried to make his escape in female apparel; but was discovered as in the more modern instance by his feet. It is a difficult thing for the Devil and his devotees to hide their hoofs. The first period of Massachusetts history was ended. She was again a ruler to herself.

April 19, 1775.

Concord and Lexington! What a wealth of associations clusters around these words! To Massachusetts, to American ears they have come to be talismanic. The historian has accurately described and the poet has rhapsodized and yet the theme is ever interesting. The time had again come when something must be done to stem the tide of British arrogance and aggression. The mother had again reached a point where, to her the chief use of Colonies was to pay the expenses of home government, and firm resistance was necessary. Committees of safety had decided that the stand should be made. Minute men had been drilled. Everything was in readiness for the storm when Gage arranged to send his troops to Concord to destroy the stores and to arrest, if possible, those "arch traitors," Hancock and Samuel Adams.

On the eve of April 18th the lantern gleamed from the spire of the Old North Church' henceforth to be Liberty's beacon.

Paul Revere on the opposite side of the tide had caught its flashes  
and was off on his mission of alarm

"Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Never man rode on holier errand. His hoof-beats had not sunk into silence before the country people were making ready for the conflict that now seemed certain. All along the route, they were grasping their weapons and bidding adieu to those who were to remain at home. To many it was the final farewell. These men had counted the cost and knew perfectly well what they were entering upon. At Lexington he aroused Hancock and Adams and left flashing lights behind him as he rode on to Concord town. It was half past four on the morning of the 19th that the Red Coats entered Lexington, and Maj. Pitcairn commanded the militia to lay down their arms. Colonel Smith gave the command to fire and eight Americans sank in death—the first victims in the strife. But the British could not tarry long in Lexington. They were soon on their way to Concord and how strange that Concord (peace) should be the name of the first battle in the great struggle for freedom. All this time church bells had been ringing and signal guns firing so that the enemy knew perfectly well that it was no easy task they were essaying. Names, since become household words, were now heard for the first time. Parson Emerson appeared accoutred for battle. Major John Buttrick was among the first to bestir himself. Prescott, Faulkner, Parkman! But where all were so brave, why distinguish?

It was scarcely more than breakfast time when the British were discovered marching into the town. The morning was such an one as we love to think of associating with the month of April; but still, noted more for its exceptions than of occurring. In fact it seems very strange that the season should have been so far advanced. We are told that the fruit trees were in blossom and that the grass and grain were high enough to wave in the wind. "The sun shone with peculiar splendor. The morning was a glorious one." It was between nine and ten o'clock when the first stand was made and Americans fired

that first shot at their foe. Hitherto, as in the Boston Massacre and at Lexington, our men had fallen but there had been no determined resistance. But now they were to assume the aggressive. The first British fire had killed Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer. The Briton had provoked the contest and now came Buttrick's short, incisive command, "Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake, fire." Fighting is always provocative of profanity, and men swear then who would not think of doing so at other times. Captain Brown, in much the same language as that which Washington is said to have used at Monmouth towards Gen. Lee, commanded his men to fire. British blood is shed, and Noah Parkhurst of Lincoln says, "Now the war has begun and no one knows when it will end." Two of the invaders were slain and many were wounded. The enemy had found that the Americans would fight and that henceforth it was not to be a one-sided affair. At noon he was in full retreat with militia menacing him in rear and flank. The Americans were without system or command. They attacked as they could and did such services as was possible. There were fresh parties constantly coming up from the neighboring towns, and all were anxious to get a shot at the invading foe.

But it is no part of ours to describe in detail the incidents of that gauntlet which the British ran in this retreat. They have been instilled into the minds of American youth almost from infancy. We were early told that the soldiers suffered so much from heat and fatigue that their tongues lolled from their mouths like over heated dogs. As they approached Lexington, another set of patriots met them with a warm reception but, alas, three more Americans fell martyrs to their principles. Nothing but the arrival of Lord Percy saved Col. Smith and his company from annihilation. The proud foe of the morning was effectually humbled, ready indeed to surrender his arms could any one have been found in command of the Americans to receive them. The bloody minded Pitcairn who, in the morn, would like to stir Yankee blood even as he stirred the brandy in his glass, was wounded and unhorsed and his steed was afterward sold at auction in Concord. The close of the eventful day saw the battered remnants of the enemy on Bunker's Hill and even there

safe from capture only by the exhaustion of the pursuers' ammunition. From thirty-one towns had the farmers gathered and well did they do for themselves and for liberty. It seems almost incredible that men so remote from the field as Framingham should have participated in the battle, but like the war horse they must have smelled the fray from afar, and like him must have speeded to the contest.

The day was done and though sorrow went into many households in Middlesex and Essex Counties over those who were sleeping the last sleep, yet it was not the sorrow of despair. The foe had been met and repulsed. The knowledge of the victory was rapidly winging its way throughout the other Colonies. Gallant Putnam was to catch the inspiration and to leave his plow in the furrow while he hurried eastward. This was "the clash of resounding arms" which the magnetic Henry had foretold in Virginia and truly the gale swept it southward. In one sense it was passing strange that this most determined resistance to English rule should have been made in the most thoroughly English part of the Colonies where, as Palfrey says, for a hundred and fifty years the original stock had suffered little or no admixture; but on the other hand the fact that they were so pure in their English ancestry made them the less likely to submit to unjust exactions from whatsoever quarter. The same blood that could force Magna Charta from Lackland and that scrupled not to behead an ill advised and tyrannical monarch was little likely to yield to what its best promptings pronounced hateful and unlawful. As Hudson says the Concord Fight assumed the proportions of a revolution which rolled on for seven years, till British arrogance, in the person of Cornwallis, surrendered at Yorktown. Another good day's work was done and April was truly assuming wonderful significance in the history of Massachusetts. On the first, her sons had won a bloodless victory over Andros and his servitors. On the second she had shown England that she could fight, if need there was to maintain her rights.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood  
Their flag to April breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

(Emerson.)

April 19, 1861.

But now we approach days nearer us and of which we were, to some extent, a part. Massachusetts no longer contended with a foreign foe. The Briton had long since ceased from his troubling, but other times and other men had aroused new interests, had precipitated new conflicts. The Declaration of Independence had proclaimed freedom for the white portion only of the people. The serpent of oppression had been scotched, not killed. Boston had seen her most respected citizens forced to turn slave catchers; pretty business, truly, for the sons of men who had fought at Concord. She had seen Garrison hurried to his death, (could the mob have found a convenient lamp post.) Through her streets had marched United States soldiers, escorting Anthony Burns to the vessel that was to take him back to slavery. Her "Cradle of Liberty" had rocked again when Theodore Parker addressed the assembled multitude as "Fellow citizens of Virginia." Our own city of Worcester had seen much of excitement in these troublous times. The Slave catcher had been here too; but public opinion, in this Commonwealth, was decidedly on the side of the fugitive and when Charles Sumner was sent to the United States Senate she put herself in the very van of progress. It took many deeds of violence to lead up to the tragedy of Baltimore. Massachusetts orators had been hissed and rotten egged, her statesmen in peril of their lives before the year 1861 began. But ever on the alert, she found John A. Andrew in the gubernatorial chair in the first dawning of the strife and he, equal to the emergency, early had Massachusetts troops off for the seat of impending battle. While life lasts, will continue a vivid recollection of those feverish moments when maddened South Carolina fired its first gun at Sumter. Were there any lukewarm in the state up to that moment, they were immediately converted into stalwart supporters of the most rigorous measures. It was the proud distinction of this state to offer the first blood on the country's altar. As in 1775, it was the blood of her farmers that became the seed of the republic, so here again the lives of her sons were given that the nation might live. As we regard it, now, it all seems like a dream. Seward thought

the whole affair a mere *emeute* which would cease in a few days. The proclamation called for only seventy-five thousand men. How little was comprehended the immensity of the task before us? On the very day of the fall of Sumter, Gen. Schouler, Adjutant General of the state, wrote to the War Department at Washington asking for arms and suggesting the proper garrisoning of the Forts in Boston Harbor. On the 15th, Henry Wilson telegraphed from Washington that twenty companies of her troops be sent to the Capitol at once and there be mustered into service. On the same day, the 3d, 4th, 6th, and 8th Regiments were ordered to muster at once on Boston Common. That night there was hurrying through the seaboard towns like that of Paul Revere in days of 1775.

In token of the extreme haste with which the application was responded to, it is said that one of the Massachusetts soldiers, in the city of New York, being asked if there was any thing that could be done for him, hesitated a moment and then lifting his foot exhibited a boot much the worse for wear from which one of his toes even protruded. "How came you here with such a boot as that my friend," said the patriotic citizen. "When the order came for me to join my company, sir," replied the soldier, "I was ploughing in the same field at Concord where my grandfather was ploughing when the British fired on the Massachusetts men at Lexington. He did not wait a moment; and I did not sir." It is needless to add that he was soon supplied with a new pair of boots.

At nine o'clock the 16th, came a train to the Eastern Depot carrying soldiers who were greeted by immense throngs of people and over all the din of the debarking and press rang the notes of Yankee Doodle. Captain A. W. Bartlett of Newburyport was said to be the first man to reach Boston and report for duty with his men, something worthy of recollection, though it may as well be stated that just who was the first volunteer will remain a vexed question. The 17th saw the men of the different regiments getting ready for departure. The 6th marched to the State House and was addressed by the Governor. He gave to the regiment a stand of colors. Col. Jones accepting said "You have given to me this flag, which is the emblem of



all that stands before you. It represents my entire command; and so help me God! I will never disgrace it." Thence to the Boston and Albany Station, the troops were marched and the first detachment of Massachusetts soldiers was off for the war.

On this date the Brookline Transcript published the following lines :—

"Soldiers go! Your country calls!  
See, from Sumter's blackened walls,  
Floats no more our nation's flag,  
But the traitor's odious rag.

Long the Patient North hath borne  
All their treachery, taunts and scorn;  
Now let Slavery's despots learn,  
How our Northern blood can burn.  
Swift their hours of triumphs past,  
For their first must be their last.

By the memory of our sires,  
By the children 'round your fires,  
By your wife's and mother's love,  
By the God who reigns above—  
By all holy things—depart!  
Strong in hand and brave in heart.

Nobly strike for truth and right;  
We will pray while you shall fight.  
Mothers, daughters, wives all true  
To our country and to you—  
To the breeze our banner show:  
Traitors meet you when you go,  
In the name of God on high,  
Win—or in the conflict die.

In New York city their presence had much to do in settling the Union feeling of that vast aggregation of humanity. At morn Baltimore was reached. The city noted for a great variety of things,—its founder, Lord Baltimore,—the writing of the "Star Spangled Banner" near the walls of Fort M<sup>c</sup> Henry,—its battle monument and its Plug Uglies, especially the latter. It was the same Baltimore whose citizens had threatened assassination of President elect, Lincoln, and now was determined

to withstand the march of Massachusetts men through its streets. Col. Jones, in expectation of this trouble, had ordered his men to load their guns, but not to fire unless first molested. The first seven companies passed through unmolested; but the remaining four who were separated from the advance were subjected to all the insult and ill treatment that malice and hate could devise. Finally, the crowd thinking the soldiers dared not fight or that they had no ammunition fired into the ranks, and one soldier was killed. Then came the first order, "Fire," and the crowd fell back. The Mayor of the city placed himself beside Capt. Follansbee of Company C, assuring him of his protection and entreated him to not let his men fire but his own patience became exhausted and seizing a musket he, himself, shot one of the assailants dead. Four Massachusetts men fell in this encounter. Was there a fatality in this event occurring on this particular day or was it simply one of those amazing coincidences that make us believe that truth is really stranger than fiction? For the third time was the state linked with the day. Those men dying in the very dawn of the strife did more for the cause of the Union than they could possibly have done had they lived to participate in scores of battles. I have seen the picture of Luther C. Ladd one of the victims on this memorable occasion. He was clad in the somewhat peculiar costume of the Massachusetts Militia, and his face young and winsome, obviously taken in boyish pride, (for he was a lad in years as well as name,) at the garb he wore and the mission he was on. But he was to die, not in battle brave but by the hands of an irresponsible mob, frenzied with rage at what it deemed a desecration. But let us not wonder that a Southern city should thus object to the passage of Northern troops, for in our own adjoining State of Connecticut, one Gallagher, since a noted politician there, had said, "If Massachusetts men try to pass this State on their way to fight our Southern brethren, kill 'em, damn 'em," and though this term became his sobriquet for years it seemed to lessen, in no degree, the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens of a certain class in New Haven. In fact the same sentiments, though in a less profane form, were advanced by the man who has just retired from the United States Senate

to make room for the gallant Hawley. If the train had been laid before, surely the deeds in Baltimore effectually fired it. The New York Times closed an account of the fray by saying that the Mayor and Governor both notified the President that no more troops could pass through Baltimore unless they fought their way. Did they suppose such a notice as that would deter Massachusetts soldiers? Why, to fight was what they left their native soil for, and they would as soon encounter armed treason in Baltimore as elsewhere. Governor Andrew sent the following message to the Mayor of Baltimore: "I pray you cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in battle, to be immediately laid out, preserved in ice and *tenderly* sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth." Notice the character of the man as expressed in that word "*tenderly*." George W. Bungay made the sentiment the refrain for the following:—

"In their own martial robes arrayed  
With cap and cloak and shining blade,  
In the still coffin softly laid,  
Oh! send them tenderly.  
Our bleeding country's bleeding corps  
Of noble dead can sleep no more  
Where monuments at Baltimore  
Libel our Liberty.

Oh touch them tenderly, I pray,  
And softly wipe the blood away  
From the red lips of wounds, that say  
How sweet it is to die  
For one's dear country, at a time  
Coincidence crowns, with sublime  
Associations, deeds that chime  
In human history!

Deal gently with the pale, cold dead  
For Massachusetts bows her head—  
But not with shame; her eyes are red  
With weeping for the slain.  
Like Rachel, she is sad indeed;  
And long her broken heart will bleed  
For children true in word and deed  
She cannot meet again.

Whisper no word of treason when  
 Ye bear away our bravest men  
 From the foul traitor's hateful den,  
     Red with our brother's blood;  
 A spot that must forever be,  
 Like Sodom sunk beneath the sea,  
 It sinks in coward treachery  
     Unwept beneath the flood.

Lift up each gallant son of Mars,  
 And shroud him in the flag of stars,  
 Beneath whose folds he won the scars  
     Through which his spirit fled  
 From glory here, to glory where  
 The banner blue in field of air  
 Is bright with stars forever there,  
     Without the stripes of red."

Oh! our hearts go out towards this man Andrew who so thoroughly appreciated the needs of the soldier. Though it was not his to bear a musket nor wield a sword, yet he was as completely a part of the grand defence of the Nation as though he wore the uniform of the army and he fell, at last, worn out by the terrible exactions of those trying days. At Fall River, on the reception of the news, a public meeting was called and ten thousand dollars voted to fit out volunteers. The city of Philadelphia voted \$1,000,000 to equip volunteers and to support their families during their absence. Norwich, Ct., subscribed \$14,000 for the same purpose. There were very few Gallaghers and Eatons there. The public pulse had become feverish; but it soon settled into a firm, steady heart beat which throbbed on till the last vestige of treason had disappeared. The New York Independent of April 23d said, "Massachusetts and Rhode Island have won the praise and the blessing of all men. The sons of Massachusetts lay dead in the streets of Baltimore on the anniversary day of the Battle of Lexington, before a single Regiment from New York had crossed the border between the slave and the free states. Soldiers from Massachusetts have made their way to Havre d' Grace, seized a steamboat, reached Annapolis, and taken a position by which they could keep open a road to Washington, before a single troop of New York soldiers

had found a passage into the enemy's country. Troops from Massachusetts and Rhode Island have been sent by sea and were thrown into Fortress Munroe, commanding Norfolk, while the authorities at Albany were debating upon the proper official steps to be taken in regard to the President's Proclamation. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The Massachusetts Regiments :—

"They were reared on the soil whence the Adamases sprung  
That to Hancock and Warren gave birth,  
Descendants of sires whose proud names have been sung  
In the noblest hosannas of earth.

They were trained in our shops, they were trained in our schools,  
They have been taught on our free waves to sail;  
They have learned of Progression the practice and rules,  
But they know not the meaning of Fail." (Transcript.)

Mrs. Sigourney wrote :—

"The Bay State bled at Lexington but every drop that ran,  
By transmutation strange and strong sprang up an armed man.  
Yet when the born of Lexington who keep their natal day  
Were writing four score years and six upon their annals gray,  
The Bay State bled at Baltimore wherefore I may not speak,  
For sad and tender memories rush from heart to moistened cheek."

When visitors approach the State Flags in the rotunda of the Capitol in Boston, almost always the first question is "where is the flag of the Sixth?" It is not that the sixth Regiment saw so much service, for the affray in Baltimore was its only encounter; but there is a strange interest in the first of every thing. Concord and Lexington were mere skirmishes, yet they excite emotions that even Saratoga cannot arouse. So here, standing before those war worn ensigns, the eye rests upon the standard of the Sixth and follows it from Boston to Baltimore and again lives over the scenes of that famous day.

Though Massachusetts soil drank not the blood of her slaughtered sons, they fell for her and the principles to which she was ever faithful. The day is hers; thrice bound to her by associations most sacred, and looking down along the line of coming years is there to be another April day to make the fourth in this wonderful list? When, after the lapse of eighty-six years we

come to 1947 may we expect Massachusetts to again stand for the right? Who can forecast the event and tell us what is to be the issue in those days to call upon sturdy manhood to assert itself? Will the demon of the Commune have made this country the place of its abode? Will it be the Nihilists endeavoring, by assassination, to overthrow established rule? Will ignorance and vice have so enthroned themselves that Macaulay's prophecy concerning us will be verified? "Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your country by your own institutions."

But let us hope that Macaulay was a false prophet and that our dismemberment and his New Zealander musing on the ruins of London Bridge were the creatures of a somewhat jaundiced imagination and, moreover, let us hope that the list of coincidences is ended that, in the future, unnumbered April days may pass with no need of popular uprisings to withstand the hand of rapacity or oppression. Our tale is told. Of the past we are sure. For the future we are hopeful, and, with Longfellow, let us say

"Sweet April! Many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought  
Life's golden fount is shed."

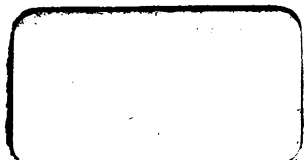








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